

# SQUIRE JOHN

## A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

By J. R. BATHURNE

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**CHAPTER VIII—Continued.**  
Just at this time a messenger brings a note for him. What luck! In another moment he must have missed it, and upon such little matters great events hinge.

"Meet me at the Tron steeple in the Tron gate, without delay. I have astonishing news."

There is no name. He does not recognize the writing. Certainly it is not the same chirography as that of the note that came to him in London, and to which Juanita confessed.

Still, he sees no reason to doubt the identity of the writer, and believes it is Smithers who sends this startling request.

A few words to Ah Sin sends the Chinaman direct to the steamer with directions to wait for him at the gang plank. Meanwhile, Jack hastens to the Tron gate.

The Tron gate is figured in both history and romance. It derives its name from the public weigh-house having once been situated there. At the corner of High street formerly stood the Old Tolbooth, or ancient jail, in front of which criminals were publicly executed. Sir Walter Scott mentions the meeting of his famous Highland chieftain, Rob Roy, and some of the others characters in his novel before this Scottish bastille.

Reaching the place, Travers looks sharply about for his agent. On the way he has seen groups of rough-looking men talking at the corners, and although they are doubtless law-abiding citizens, something in their appearance strikes him as odd.

Tram cars pass, and people are moving. It would hardly appear to be the place one who had evil designs would select in order to carry them into practice.

Jack grows uneasy. Minutes are passing, and a suspicion is being shaped in his mind that perhaps this is but a trick of the senior to beguile him until the hour for the sailing of the steamer has passed.

He has about come to the conclusion his best plan is to stop the next empty cab that comes along and make for the landing stage regardless of the startling information which the writer of the note had promised, when his attention is attracted toward a man advancing along the street, who appears to be looking to the right and left as if in search of some one.

"Ah!" mutters Jack; "doubtless my man; but if Smithers, then he is sailing under other colors. Jove! he has cut off a foot from his stature. At any rate, I'll wait for him, and prepare to receive boarders."

The short man notices him standing there.

"Are you Mr. Travers?" he asks. Jack replies that he usually answers to that name when at home.

"Have you a message for me?" he demands.

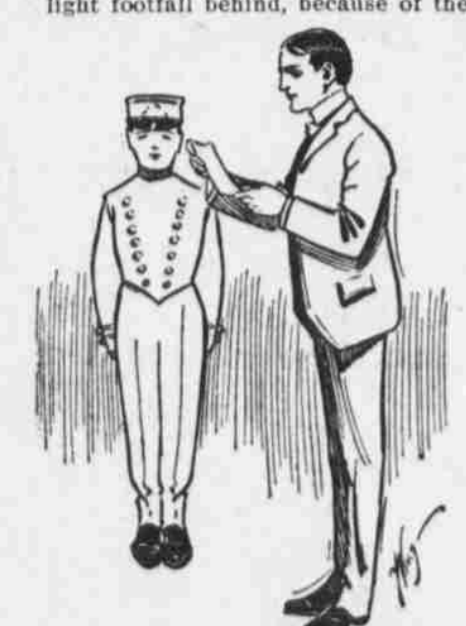
The fellow glances around cautiously. No one appears to be near—a fact Travers has noticed, and deems so significant that he keeps his eyes fastened keenly on the other, suspecting treachery.

"I have, sir. Come a bitty closer. The lady told me to be very, very careful," is the answer he receives only it is in broad Scotch.

Jack is thrown a trifle off his guard by the mention of a lady in the case. Then this message comes from Juanita, perhaps—oh, rapture!—from Jessie herself.

He does not suspect that this has been artfully brought into play for the especial purpose of disconcerting him.

The Glasgow man has taken something from his pocket, and Jack, keenly on the alert, bends forward to see what it may be. Thus he hears not light footfall behind, because of the



"Meet me at the Tron steeple," rumble made by a vanishing tram car. A peculiar hissing sound causes him to turn his head, but ere he can fully accomplish this design, a heavy object descends, and it seems to Jack as though the heavens had fallen, since he sees a myriad of stars.

He falls to the ground, helpless. As in a dream, he realizes that two men support him and tell a passerby he is a boon companion unfortunate enough to have partaken too freely, yet all the while Jack's vocal organs, as well as his muscular powers, seem paralyzed.

Then he feels them lifting him up and placing him in a vehicle; he hears the driver shout to his horse, and with the motion of the cab, all consciousness leaves him, for some one has kindly placed a handkerchief saturated

with chloroform over his breathing apparatus.

When Travers opens his eyes he is in a dense fog with regard to his whereabouts.

Jove! he must be out on the plains again, and all these strange incidents but the fancies of a disordered mind. The night air is cold, and Jack, with a shiver, involuntarily reaches out for his blanket. Then he discovers he has none. What are those sounds? Surely such as never greet the ear upon the borders of the lonely Staked Plains—the ringing of bells, and the shrill screech of motors switching the freight vans.

Amazed, Jack lifts his head. Then he gives a grunt, for the movement causes him pain.

His surprise grows; many lights flash before his eyes—why, it is as though he gazes from a height upon some great slumbering city, and the odor of smoke in the air is very familiar, too.

If he was astonished before, it is as nothing to his sensation when he discovers his surroundings as the moon creeps forth.

Gleaming white stones are on the right and left, tall monuments rear themselves above, while close by he can see all manner of singular vaults in the terraces, some of them guarded by iron railings in front.

Really Jack can be excused for staggering to his feet with a low cry bubbling from his lips. The bravest of men might feel a commingling of awe and alarm under similar circumstances.

It is not a very pleasant sensation for one to open his eyes and suddenly discover himself lying in the city of the dead.

Fortunately Jack's nerve is equal to even this, and he pulls himself together as he endeavors to figure how he comes to be in the Necropolis of Glasgow before his time.

Jack forgets all about his headache, though he will have a tender recollection of that blow for days to come.

To leave this Necropolis is his first thought, and when he attempts this the greater is his marvel how, without the complicity of the gate keeper at the Bridge of Sighs, they ever carried his senseless form over the walls.

When a man of dash and energy undertakes to accomplish a certain feat he can usually get there, and such an agile fellow as Travers could not long be daunted by a wall even twice as high as that which confronts him.

So he is soon over and making his way down the steep street that leads from the crown of the hill.

It is deserted at this hour, of course. Anxious about the passage of time, Jack endeavors to find his watch, but does not seem greatly surprised to discover it missing; nor is there a shilling in any of his pockets. He smiles grimly as he remembers how, like a wise traveler, he had the forethought to sew certain Bank of England notes in the lining of his coat; so that he is all right financially.

The position of the moon causes him some uneasiness. He fears that he must already be too late to sail on the Anchoria, and that the Spaniard has won the trick.

It is only when he reaches Argyle street, after a long walk, that he runs across a night-hawk caddy, whom he engages at once to carry him with all speed to the landing stage.

They reach the landing stage. One glance tells Travers the steamer is no longer where he saw her. The hour for sailing has passed, and while he lay unconscious in the beautiful Necropolis of the western capital the Anchoria was steaming down the Clyde to the ocean, doubtless bearing those with whom he feels his destiny is interwoven.

Who is this standing like a statue at the end of the no longer used gang plank. Ah Sin, to be sure—faithful Ah Sin!

A few questions draw out all the Celestial knows.

Those they seek have really gone on the Anchoria.

There has been no news from Smithers.

Jack and his henchman return again to the hotel to discover what can be done. Here they find a note from Smithers which came too late—a note that tells Jack to meet him at the landing stage by eleven, as he is sure the parties intend to sail.

What then? Where is Smithers? Failing to find his employer at the rendezvous, has the watchdog from Scotland Yard given up the whole business, or, with shrewd foresight, taken passage on the steamer? Jack told him to spare no expense, and he has hopes.

Now as to his own course. The clerk is deeply interested in his case, and explains how by taking a train he could reach Wemyss bay, some distance down the Clyde, before the steamer, and board her there. Unfortunately, there is not train until morning, and then it will be too late. A special? Well, that could be done at heavy expense, providing the road was clear.

On his part, he advised that they take the first morning train to Liverpool, and arrive in time to go on board the fast Teutonic of the White Star line, which had been delayed by some accident, and was billed to sail on the following day at three.

Jack jumps at the chance, and has strong hopes of being in New York to see Senator Robledo and his party disembark. So in the morning they head

south, and dash over Scottish moors, with Liverpool as their objective point.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The Race Across the Ocean.

There is delay on the road, and when the train draws near Liverpool the hour set for the sailing of the Teutonic is past; but Jack smiles grimly—Jack who knows that a late mail from London will reach Holyhead, across the Irish sea to Dublin, and arrive at Queenstown in time to connect with the ocean greyhound the following morning, and it is his intention to be in the same Irish cannon-ball train.

Having several hours to spare in Liverpool, Travers dines, purchases a watch to take the place of the fine chronometer which fell into the hands of the Tron gate ruffians, and purchases a neat little article in the way of a firearm, which, judging from appearances, ought to render a decent account of itself in time of need.

Once more, in a hurry, Jack and his factotum arrive at the Welsh terminus of the railroad, board the steamer, and pass over to the Irish capital, where in the night another train must be taken for Queenstown.

When they arrive it is broad daylight.

The Teutonic is anchored in the harbor, waiting for the mail and late



"A heavy object descends."

passengers. As they go out on a small tender to join her Jack believes he has never looked upon a more lovely picture than is spread like a green panorama around him.

Off at last! It is noon when Queenstown is left behind and Daunt's Rock sighted.

Will they overcome the lead of the Anchor line steamer sailing from Glasgow?

On the fourth day out smoke is seen to the northeast, and they gradually draw abreast of it. The steamer cannot be plainly seen, even with the glass, but Jack learns that the first officer inclines to the opinion that it is an Anchor line boat.

(To be continued.)

### TRADE CHANCES IN CHINA.

#### Enormous Opportunities Which of Late Have Attracted Attention.

The vast opportunities offered for the extension of foreign trade in the great empire of China are already having their effect on the imagination of those interested. Estimates of the value of orders that China is now in a position to give put it at fabulous sums, but as a matter of fact one part of China, the southeast, with an area of 4,000,000 square miles, would demand a railroad network of 186,410 miles, of which Germany, England, France, Belgium and the United States would construct 37,282 miles each, work worth \$1,428,000,000 would fall to each of these countries.

There would be a demand for at least 50,000,000 tons of steel and iron, an order large enough, when properly divided, to aid in keeping the world's iron and steel industries profitably employed for fifty years. It is hardly necessary to take the trouble to prove estimates of this kind. For even if one makes allowances for overestimates there is still enough to warrant hopes expressed. Railroads are not the only works that give promise. There are other great transportation systems, such as telegraph wires and poles, to be erected, bridges to be built, rivers to be regulated, bars in rivers and harbors to be removed and hundreds of public works that will need foreign materials, many of which can never be carried out unless by the aid of foreign machinery.

#### Go and Get Hurt.

"I've been in the accident insurance business just four days," said the dyspeptic-looking man. "I've written six policies, and already two of the people have put in claims. It's a funny thing what effect an accident policy seems to have on some people. They will live for thirty-five or forty years and never get a scratch. Just let them get one of my double-action policies and they go at once and get hurt. A man seems to think an accident policy is a thing to keep him from getting hurt and that no matter what he does or where he goes he is safe. One man asked me the other day if there would be any danger to him in taking out the policy. I was afraid of the risk and told him he was certain to be killed."

"It's a strange way for people to look at the thing, but they do, and I'm about ready to go back to my old job of selling washing powder to unsuspecting housewives."

#### Too Much Solemnity.

Many a woman who does not believe in wearing crape drapes every word she utters with it.

## NEWS IN NEBRASKA

### THE STATE IN BRIEF.

James H. Locker has been convicted of assault at Hayes Center.

Twenty-two banks of the state have failed to make the regular report to the state banking board.

Farmer Fenck was held up by highwaymen four miles from Shelton as he was on his way home. The would-be robbers got nothing.

The Deuel County bank of Oshkosh has been authorized by the secretary of the state banking board. The bank has a capital stock of \$25,000.

A series of successful evangelistic meetings is in progress in Crete, under the leadership of Rev. Milford H. Lyon of Chicago and J. W. Patterson his singer.

At Sutherland, Robert R. Brent, pastor of the local Presbyterian church, tendered his resignation and, with his family, returned to Lebanon, Ill., from which place he came a few months ago.

George Voix, a well-to-do farmer residing near Lorton, was going home from Lorton when his team ran away and Mr. Voix was thrown out, the wagon box falling on top of him. His neck was broken.

There was brought before the commissioners of insanity of Polk county Mrs. Emily Johnson, whose home is near Stromsburg. It was found she was a fit subject for the asylum, and she was therefore sent to that institution.

The Ashland Telephone company has been reorganized, the changes in the directory to take place January 1. H. H. Herndon, who owned a controlling interest, has sold his stock to H. A. and E. A. Wiggenhorn, Jr., and C. F. Folsom.

Real estate of Omaha has been valued this year by Tax Commissioner Fleming at \$71,739,230. Of this amount, \$41,427,975 is for lands, and \$30,311,255 for improvements. Last year the assessment on real estate was \$71,633,345, of which \$43,282,630 was for lands, and \$28,350,715 for improvements.

The preliminary hearing of John Sinner, Ed Bartholomew, Myrt Johnson and Edna Luist, who went to Benedict and all got drunk, was held at York. They were charged with breaking into James Bros' elevator and destroying property. Judge Taylor bound them over to the district court on both counts in the sum of \$500 each.

At the government land office in Lincoln last week William F. Shane and Foster Church each filed on eight acres of a tract in Thayer county which they had purchased years ago. Walter F. Camp had filed on the land in 1875, but disposed of the tract before he had perfected the title. Under the supposition that the title was clear, the land has been transferred several times.

Legislators arriving in Lincoln the first of the year will not find things in the same condition they did two years ago, all ready for the start. This is because the last legislature authorized the secretary of state to spend not more than \$1,000 in getting ready for the session, the remainder of the purchasing to be done by the legislators themselves. This \$1,000 will not go very far.

The state apportionment of the temporary school funds to be made December 5 by State Treasurer Mortensen and State Superintendent Fowler will not exceed \$270,000. The amount of the last apportionment, made in May, was \$443,288.14. The various counties receive their apportionment on their school population, and this amount is then divided by the county superintendents among the several districts.

A sharp fight between farmers and automobile men seems imminent in the next legislature. The farmers of the Loup valley, where the excellent roads make traveling very attractive to the chauffeurs, seem especially hostile, and have pledged a number of the legislators from that section of the state to introduce a bill, keeping automobiles unless they are run at a very low speed, and stopped at the side of the road as soon as a wagon or other vehicle comes in sight.

Thieves entered the home of James Schock, living southeast of Beatrice, while the family was in the city and carried off a considerable quantity of bed clothes, clothing and jewelry. The bloodhounds were put on the trail, which was followed to the banks of the Blue river, where the thieves had escaped in a boat.

The farmers of Pickrell held a big mass meeting for the purpose of considering the proposition of building an independent farmers' elevator. Speeches were made by prominent farmers, who complained bitterly of the treatment received at the hands of the trust. About \$1,500 was pledged at the meeting and it is the intention to raise \$5,000, when a modern structure will be erected.

Rev. F. P. Blackmore of Weeping Water, who has been on trial before a court composed of clergymen of this section, has been found guilty as charged. The sessions of the inquiry lasted two days.

The four minor children of John Pope of Plattsmouth brought suit in the district court to collect the sum of \$5,000 damages from George Oberle, a saloon-keeper in Greenwood, and the bonding company. The father drank whisky in Oberle's saloon and while drunk lost his life by being thrown from a wagon.

### TROUBLE FOR TREASURERS.

A Movement that is in Violation of Law.

LINCOLN—According to the opinion of Attorney General Prout those county treasurers who are accepting a portion of the taxes assessed against railroad companies, even under protest, are violating the law. Mr. Prout believes the county treasurer should collect all of the taxes at once or none. He has received a number of requests from county treasurers asking advice in the matter and he has referred to his former opinion on the subject, given in 1901. That opinion is as follows:

"An examination of the revenue law convinces me that the legislature intended that a tax debtor should pay an item of taxes at a single payment, and that the county treasurer should not be compelled to divide an item and to receive partial payment at one time and the balance at another time. If a county treasurer may divide an item of taxes into two parts for purposes of payment, why may not he divide it into fifty parts and receive the payment of a single item fifty different times? The books which the treasurer is required to keep, his form of receipt prescribed by statute, indicate that an item of taxes should be paid at a single payment. A claim that a part of an item is void does not change the duty of the treasurer. He has nothing to do with questions relating to the validity of taxes or a portion of an item. The determination of such questions had been committed to other officers or tribunals. The warrant of the treasurer directs him to collect the taxes, not to make partial collections. I am therefore of the opinion that the county treasurer should decline to accept a portion of the items of taxes in question."

### FARM SOLD AND MORTGAGED.

J. T. Jones of Humboldt Finds This Condition.

EDGAR—An illegal land sale in this vicinity has just come to light. Mr. Joel T. Jones, formerly of this city, but who moved to Humboldt, Neb., some seven or eight years ago, owns a quarter section of very fine land three miles northeast of Edgar. Not long ago a man claiming to be Joel T. Jones, the owner of the land, quietly effected a sale of the farm to a man calling himself Martin Clark. Both parties were strangers to the county officials, as was also the real owner, Joel T. Jones of Humboldt. A deed was made and recorded by the man Clark and then a loan of \$500 was secured from a Beatrice bank and a mortgage was duly filed against the farm. The matter came to the ears of Mr. Joel T. Jones of Humboldt, and he lost no time in coming up to see about the matter. He succeeded in notifying the county officials and the mortgagee of the character of the sale, but could get no trace of the men who sold, bought and mortgaged the land.

### Surveyors Are Near Brainard.

BRAINARD—The surveying crew of the Omaha & Nebraska Central railway is now in camp here, having made the survey from Hastings to this point. In the 167 miles that have been run so far they have made but one grade crossing with another line of railroad, having either gone under or over the tracks of other roads.

### Farmer Killed by a Fall.

NEBRASKA CITY—Fritz Viox, a wealthy farmer, residing near Lorton, fell out of his wagon while driving to his home and was killed. He had been drinking.

### State is Paramount.

Governor Mickey and Attorney General Prout held a conference regarding the suit brought by the Union Pacific and Burlington railroads to enjoin the collection of their taxes. The matter will be looked after by the state's legal department and a red hot fight in support of the revenue law will be made. It is the belief of the members of the board that the fight of the railroads will not be successful.

### Prisoners Go to Penitentiary.

PAPILLION—Sheriff McEvoy has taken Dillon, Hike and Rivers to the penitentiary, where they go to serve sentences of four years each, the two former for highway robbery and the latter, a negro, for burglary.

### Epidemic of Typhoid.

NORFOLK—An extensive epidemic of typhoid fever prevails in northern Nebraska. There are several deaths daily. The cause of the illness has not been determined.

A Daughters of Rebekah lodge was organized in Nebraska City. The Rebekah lodge of Nehawka attended and initiated the members into the lodge.

### Paupers Are Decreasing.

LINCOLN—In prosperous Nebraska the number of paupers, charges of counties, has been materially decreased during the last two years. In his forthcoming report Secretary Davis of the state board of charities and corrections will state that two years ago there were 1,106 dependents, while now there are 1,062. According to his compilation there is one dependent pauper subsisting on public bounty to every 1,200 inhabitants. The cost of maintenance ranges from \$1.02 to \$4.1 a week.



How to Mend the Matter.

"Harold," said Mrs. Montwork, "when I married you I was earning \$22 per week and I had it all to myself."

"Yes, my love," said her husband. "Now, I'm earning \$30 per week, but you only let me have half of it."

Mr. Montwork considered the situation thoughtfully.

"Well, I see but one way out of it, Mary," he replied finally. "You'll have to look around and try to get a better job."

### His Argument.

The Fool—"Tis more credit to be the greatest fool in the kingdom than the wisest sage."

The Sage—"Tis a fool that thinks so."

The Fool—"Yet it is true. For there are few wise men and many fools, and is not his the greatest credit who triumphs over the most competitors?"

### Lesser of Evils.



She—Say, Charley. He—Well? She—Don't sing any more and I will consent to be yours.

### Practical.

Hicks—Bjorkyns is a typical American, isn't he? Wicks—Sure! The first time he saw Niagara falls he stood with his mouth open for a moment and then exclaimed: "Jiminy! What a lot of water power going to waste!"

### The Tourist.

First European Tourist—Whew, but this is a flying trip we're taking! Aren't you dizzy?

Second Ditto—Well, I should say so! I can't see at all. But think of the Venuses and historical landmarks we're escaping!—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Football is Such an Untidy Sport.



Mr. Senior—Our team has had the benefit of a splendid "scrub" this fall.

Miss Dainty—Only one.

### Changes of the Times.

"It used to please me," said Olden, "to have the barber ask me if I wanted a shave when I was a youngster."

"Yes?"

"Yes, and now he sometimes flatters me by asking if I want a haircut."

### Willing to Oblige.

The Bride—Oh, Jack! You shouldn't kiss me before all those girls. The Groom—I'm glad my little wife is so unselfish, and just to please you I'll kiss all those girls first.

### This Joke is New—to Punch.

He—Do you remember your old school friend, Sophy Smythe?

She—Yes, indeed, I do. A most absurd-looking thing. So silly, too! What became of her?

He—O, nothing. Only I married her.—Punch.

### Proof Positive.

"Do you believe the good really die young?" asked the optimist.

"I do," replied the pessimist, "judging by the poultry served at our boarding house."

### Obvious.

"Now," said the professor in natural history, "take the case of a hen. Why does it lay an egg?"

"Because it can't lay a carpet," replied the bright boy of the class.—Grit.

### Nothing New.

Jones—But smokeless powder is a recent invention.

Oldbuck—Nonsense! The women were using it before you were born.